

## **Aceyalone With Rjd2 "Solomon Jones"**

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[Aceyalone]

A bunch of wild boys was hangin around at the local  
neighborhood saloon  
And some cat kept droppin quarters down in the  
jukebox  
playin all the favorite tunes  
And back by the bar playin cars lookin hard was big  
bad Solomon Jones  
And watchin over his luck was the love of his life  
his lady that was known as Simone  
Went out of the night which was dark and cold into  
the smoke-filled dimly lit room  
Stumbled into thug who-a smelled like bud and his  
eyes  
looked high as the moon  
He looked like a man with his foot in the grave and  
his lifetime 'bout to be out  
Yet he slapped down some hundred dollar bills on the  
bar  
and he yelled out "Drinks on the house"  
Now nobody could place where this dude was from but  
we knew that he was far from home  
But we drank to his health and the last to drink, was big  
bad Solomon Jones  
Now there's some G's who just run the streets,  
and they live life in and out of jail  
And such was he, that kind of O.G., that looked like he  
been through hell  
With his hair in cornrows, a mean mug grill, like a dog  
whose day is done  
He lit up the green stuff in his cigar, and he took hits  
one by one  
Now I got to thinkin who this cat could be, and what the  
hell is goin on  
Yeller turned around and who was starin at him,  
the lady that was known as Simone  
In the white t-shirt all stained with dirt, he was tryin not  
to be rude  
But he was tryin to find another good song on the  
jukebox  
so he could just set the mood  
Have you ever been out in the city streets,

where the game they play is so clear  
Where the police and gangsters control the block,  
and gunshots is all that you hear?  
When the only sound are the drums of war, and you  
left out in the cold  
A half-dead man in a half-dead world, on a yellow brick  
road to gold  
Then all of a sudden the music changed, and everyone  
just held their pulse  
But it felt like your life had been robbed from you,  
and everything that you held close  
That someone had stolen the woman you loved,  
and that her love was a devil's lie  
That your heart was gone, and the best thing that you  
could do was crawl away and die  
It's the painful cry of a man's despair, deep down in his  
bones  
I guess misery enjoys company, said big bad Solomon  
Jones  
Then the stranger turned, and his eyes had burned in a  
most peculiar way  
And the white t-shirt that was stained in dirt,  
he sat down to watch it sway  
Then his mouth had frowned up in this kind of grin,  
and he spoke in a voice so clear  
"Boy you don't know who I am, and I know that you just  
don't care  
Now I'ma say these words cause these words are true  
and when I'm done here I'll be gone  
But one of you boys is a sheisty dog and his name is  
Solomon Jones"  
Then I ducked my head and the lights went out,  
and two guns blazed in the dark  
Then a woman screamed, and the lights came on,  
and the two men laid stiff as starch  
With a bullet in his head and pumped full of lead was  
big bad Solomon Jones  
While the thug from the street who was holdin his heat  
and holdin on to that lady named Simone

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